

**His scellang.****THE LITTLE MAN IN THE CORNER.**

"One day in 1879," said an old stage driver, "the Black Hills coach left Cheyenne for Deadwood with eight passengers. Seven were men, one was a woman. As they journeyed towards Deadwood they conversed among themselves. Each expressed different opinions as to the probability of a hold up. Some said they would hide money under the cushions, others would surrender what bills or gold they might possess, while two or three men exhibited revolvers and vowed that they would make resistance. The woman said that she had only \$100 in the world. She had come West to make a living by keeping a restaurant in the mining camps, and had done very well until a fire destroyed her property and investment. She was going back to her son in New England and spend the remainder of her days upon his farm. The safest place imaginable, in her opinion, was the sole of her left foot, and she had accordingly placed two \$50 bills inside her shoe. "There was a small man seated in the corner next to the driver. His hat was pulled well over his eyes and he kept constantly in his lap a small black valise. He took no part in the conversation, and it was not long until the passengers, who received rather curt responses to such questions as they addressed to him, began to regard his actions with suspicion.

"Well, the coach rolled on towards Deadwood. Next morning, along towards nine o'clock, the expected robbers appeared. The messenger was shot and slightly wounded, the driver and messenger compelled to dismount and put up their hands. The passengers were ordered out of the coach, and it is needless to say that they obeyed with alacrity. The three men who were to resist the robbers were so awed by the presence of several large revolvers thrust in their faces that they gave up their treasures with little remonstrance. Said one of the robbers: "It's ag'in' our rules to bother women; so, old girl, we won't search you. While two of the desperadoes went through the pockets of the men, another happened to see the small man in the corner. 'Hello,' said he, 'here's one in the coach. Come out of there.' The man appeared, but without his little black valise. He was very poorly dressed, thin, pale and affected by a hacking cough. Said he: 'Boys, I hain't got much—only a few dollars. I am going back east to die. If you take what little I got I won't have no money to get meals. My railroad ticket ain't any use to you. If you will let me alone I will tell you where you can get \$100.'

"At this the poor old woman turned pale, and some of the passengers began to mutter.

"All right," said the spokesman of the bandits: "we'll search you, and if you ain't lying we'll let you go if you'll tell us where we can get that \$100."

"So they searched him, and found \$7 or \$8 in silver in his pockets, which they let him keep.

"Now," said the consumptive looking man, "if you'll make this old woman take off her left shoe you will find next to the sole of her shoe two \$50 bills."

"The robbers compelled the old lady to loosen her shoes and found the money. Upon this they took their departure, the passengers mounted the coach and the journey towards Deadwood was resumed.

"Scarcely had they entered when a torrent of abuse was heaped upon the small man. 'You villain!' said one. 'You ought to be hung.' One of the men called to the driver to stop. The mean man in the corner was dragged out of the coach and the excited passengers were about to string him up to the nearest tree.

"One minute! just one minute!" pleaded he. "It is only ten or twelve miles to the next station, and it is customary in this country to give a man a little show for his life. I beg of you just go that far, and if I can't properly explain you can hang me."

"The driver told the passengers that the men at that station would not interfere if the suspect could not make a proper defence of his action, and as the fellow pleaded so hard they re-entered the coach and proceeded upon their journey. There was little said during the next hour and a half. The mean man was closely watched by the male passengers and escape for him was impossible.

"As the buildings of the station came into view upon the coach suddenly swinging around a bend in the road, the small man brightened up considerably. 'Now,' said he 'I will tell you. We are perfectly safe here, as this line is free from robbers. I have \$25,000 in my grip, and the only way that I could save it was by diverting the attention of the robbers to some in the party. Unfortunately, that one had to be the lady. That is why I kept my own counsel during the journey.'

"As the coach rolled up in front of the post office he opened his valise, presented the old lady with six \$20 bills, and in addition gave each of the other passengers sufficient money to cover their expenses to Deadwood."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**RAILROAD DISASTERS DUE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.**

It is a fact that in August, September and October, 108 passengers were killed, that the average for three months, taking the six years' statistics already given, would be 53, and that therefore the mortality was twice the average. It is a fact

too, that most of the fatal accidents involved special trains or extra sections of regular trains, and that all but three of them were in what we call World's Fair territory. All but one were collisions and must be classed under accidents due to negligence in operation. All but the Chester bridge accident came from loose derangements which follow a greatly increased and an unusual traffic. They may be traced to long hours and hard work by all the operating staff, from general manager to flagmen, or to the necessity for putting men at a kind of work with which they were not familiar, or to both. Who is responsible for such a condition of things? The railroad officers foresaw the danger but some of them could not beg or borrow money for more than their daily needs, and all of them spent very liberally according to their means, in preparing for the Fair. And then arose the question of the proper policy of the roads as to the World's Fair rates. On one side stood the press and the public demanding reduced rates, some demanding even so low a rate as one dollar from New York to Chicago, and proving that it would pay the railroads to carry passengers at any rate, and that it was their duty to do so whether it would pay them or not. On this side also was enlisted the influence of certain railroad managers anxious to stimulate a big traffic. On the other side were those men of judgment and knowledge who feared the results which have actually come. It is easy to say that they should have stood out more resolutely than they did, but the public would never have been satisfied until the matter had been carried to demonstration. The demonstration was costly in money and in lives; let us hope that the lesson will not be lost either by the railroad or the public.—[North American Review for December.

**WHO OWNS A MAILED LETTER.**

To whom does a private letter belong when once it has been mailed? According to a judgment just rendered by the British courts of justice it is to the post office, in which the ownership is vested until its delivery to the addressee. It was a failure to appreciate this fact that led to the case which has resulted in this decision. A chemist at Preston having written a letter and mailed it, wished to get it back. With that object in view he went to the post office, specified the address of the envelope, pretended that he desired to send it by special delivery, at the same time putting down sixpence as payment of the extra postage. Deceived by these proceedings the clerk hunted up and produced the letter to have the sixpenny stamp stuck on. No sooner did the writer get hold of the letter than he tore it to fragments, asserting that he had a right to do what he liked with his own property. His view of the matter however, was not accepted either by the post office department or by the courts, and he was fined twenty-five dollars for his offence.—[Tribune.

**NOT A CALAMITY YEAR.**

The year just closed, while it will be remembered as a time of general business depression, was not really a "calamity" year so far as Vermont is concerned. "Forbes sends the Boston Journal this review of the last twelve months:

"The year has been a fairly prosperous one to the people of Vermont. The state has suffered less than the financial and industrial depression existing in the country than almost any other state in the Union.

"The year closes without a single failure of a national bank, or a state savings bank or a trust company within our borders. The deposits in the savings banks and trust companies increased \$2,588,177 over 1892, and on June 30 aggregated \$27,000 in round numbers. The valuation of real and personal property listed for taxation this year amounts to \$176,051,335, an increase of \$1,000,000.

"The agricultural interests have been comparatively prosperous. Plentiful harvests blessed the farmers and good prices for farm products have prevailed. The maple sugar crop was up to the average yield, and with the government bounty probably brought the producers \$1,500,000."

**A MAN-OF-WAR ROOSTER.**

Who would think that a rooster could become a great pet on board ship? But on the flag-ship "Chicago," the man-of-war which last spring traveled almost six thousand miles to get home for the Columbian naval parade, there was a rooster that was the pet of all the men on board ship. He was bought in the West Indies, on the way to Montevideo, and was intended for the Christmas dinner; but his great cheerfulness, as shown by his hearty crowing in the most unseasonable weather, won him his life.

After his liberty had been given to him, and he had become fairly tame, he noticed one day another very proud rooster in a polished brass ventilator which stands on the quarter deck. He immediately put on his proudest air; then, noticing that the other rooster did the same, he stepped closer to inquire, and soon found himself glaring pugnaciously at that other fellow, who seemed quite as defiant as himself. From looks it came to blows, and soon our rooster was indignantly fighting his own reflection. Occasionally he would strike the ventilator a very hard blow with his bill and be thrown back much astonished,

only to return to the attack when he noticed that his enemy apparently retreated.

This was kept up at intervals for several weeks, until the rooster learned that more hard knocks than glory were to be got by keeping up the feud. Even now, after many months on board, he occasionally renews the attack, but in a half-hearted way, as if he knew he was doing something silly.

His name is "Dick," and when there is food ahead he answers to it like a gentleman. At Ensenada, in the Argentine Republic, the Chicago lay alongside the dock in the Grand Canal, and Dick was allowed to run on shore and pick up what he could find. He never strayed far from the gangway, and would come proudly strutting back when called on board by one of the men.

He is a very pugnacious bird, and in Ensenada started a fight between a dog and himself. The combat, witnessed by the whole ship's company, while productive of no harm to either side, was a most amusing sight and consisted of dashes at the dog with occasional real blows on the part of the rooster, and much barking and running about on the dog.—[December St. Nicholas.

Another World's Fair is to open at Antwerp, May 5.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Flint Bros.

**PASKOLA.****A Flesh Forming Food**

(Artificially Digested.)

For pale, thin people. The tired and weary feeling which accompanies all wasting diseases will be relieved at once, the wasting will be arrested and new healthy tissue will be formed so that they will become plump and strong. An increase in weight will be noticed at once. It is stimulating although it contains no alcohol. It is assimilated without digestive effort. Paskola supersedes Cod Liver Oil, but has not its repulsive taste. Send for pamphlet. Agents wanted everywhere. Address

The Pre-Digested Food Co.,  
168 Duane Street, New York.

FOR SALE BY

C. C. BINGHAM, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

**THE LUNENBURG Heights House.**

Lunenburg, Vermont.

Open all the year for permanent and transient guests.

MRS. E. C. WHITE.

**Bargains in Watches.**

January is usually a dull month. We propose to keep the business up by cutting the prices down on Watches. We are offering

**A GENTLEMAN'S WATCH**

twenty-year gold filled case, 11 jeweled, nickel, Waltham movement, stem wind and pendant setting

FOR \$13.37.

**T. C. SPENCER.**

Pythian Building, Eastern Ave.,  
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

**See Our Window Display.**

You will find it attractive as well as instructive. A complete model of the laboratory of Scates Medical Company in the manufacture of their celebrated

**Vi-tal-ized Nerve and Blood Tonic.**

BOYNTON &  
EASTMAN.

**LIFE INSURANCE.**

If any man has the right to stand erect and feel that he is of some use in the world and worthy of respect and appreciation of others, it is the life insurance agent.

The life insurance agent is not a bore. He is a creator of wealth. He is a savior of estates. He is a payer of mortgages. He is an almoner to widows. He is the protector of orphans. He is an organizer of comfort. He is a promoter of thrift. He is a shield from squalor and crime. He keeps the store open. He keeps the mill running. He holds down the farm. He is the maker of sunshine. He is an encourager of the prattle of children. He is a teacher of duty. He is a preacher of righteousness. He is a consoler. He is a benefactor. He is a philanthropist. Oftentimes he is a martyr; and it is just possible that he may save your estate by that policy you took in the

**Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co.**

W. W. SPRAGUE, General Agent for Eastern Vermont.

**CLEARING OUT SALE**

To close our entire stock we will sell at cost

**DRESS GOODS, UNDERWEAR,**

Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Gimps, Plain and Fancy Silks, Infants' Wear, Embroidered Flannels, Cloaks, Hoods.

Our entire stock of Saxony, Germantown, Zephyr, Camel's, Scotch and Johnston Worsted, Stamped Goods, Wash Silks.

**MILLINERY,**

Hats, Frames, Feathers, Velvets, Ribbons, and a large stock of Fancy Trimmings.

SALES FOR CASH ONLY.

**J. HALLEY & CO.,**

Y. M. C. A. Block,

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

**WILLIAM TELL**

Your father that the useful gifts are the best gifts for the holidays. In looking for Christmas presents don't fail to inspect our stock of fine furniture. Latest styles of Rocking Chairs and Easy Chairs, Baskets, Pictures, Picture Frames, Willow Goods in all the newest patterns. Fancy furniture and all the regular goods usually found in a first-class furniture store.

**HALL & STANLEY.**

Under Music Hall.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

**Bingham Has a Jag**

Of Hot Water Bottles. Two quart 75c. Three quart 90c. Good bottles too, and warranted for a year.

CHEAP, ISN'T IT?

Flannel covered ones too, at only a trifle more. There should be no more cold feet when you can buy concentrated comfort so cheap.

**BINGHAM'S DRUG STORE.**

## We would like the Housekeeper's Attention For a minute.

1 Bale Extra Bleached Cotton, 36 in.,	8c yd.
1 " Unbleached Cotton, 36 in.,	6c "
1 " " " "	5c "
1 lot extra " " 10-4,	18 1/2c "
1 " Bleached, 10-4,	22 1/2c "
1 case Best Gingham,	6 1/4c "
1 " 27 in. Colored Outings,	6 3/4c "
2000 yds. all wool 36 in. Dress Goods,	29c "

Most of this lot was recently bought for this sale and it will be difficult to select a piece in the entire lot which is not actually cheap at 50c per yard.

We also offer about 1000 yds. strictly all wool Carpeting at 47 1/2c per yard.

50 prs. Chenille Portieres \$3.37 to \$11.98 per pair, which is two to four dollars under regular price.

20,000 rolls New Wall Papers selected from the cream of five large manufactories.

## Lougee Bros. & Smythe

59 to 61  
RAILROAD  
STREET.

## GRODER'S SYRUP IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR Nervousness and Loss of Sleep.

For sale by C. C. Bingham and E. N. Randall.